

Epidemic

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Summary: Not really a HL fic, but it's the only thing I can think of it going under. First draft. Chapter 2 will be up soon

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By Kyle McManus

****Officer's Fully Detailed Report****

****(Regarding incidents between the times of 1542 March 24th, 1991 and 0956 March 25th 1991)****

Office 302, Level B34

To be sent ONLY to the room of

Sr. Officer Walter Lansing

****If copies of this report are found, a severe penalty will be issued!****

Forenote:

The following events are true, and not to be distributed in any way. If any of the following file is exposed, exploited or recreated anywhere outside the offices of the ****BECF****, harsh punishment will be taken on those responsible, including a court-marshal, a fine of 65,000 and a penalty of 14 years imprisonment, minus probation.

_ - Dr. Nigel Vine (PHd., BSC hons.) _

The following accounts are those of ****BECF**** personnel involved in the material outbreak on March 24th, 1991. Names have been changed

and evidence of highly-classified projects have been removed, but the rest is unedited. This story is taken from a personal account of Low Level Security (Lvls 1-16) Receptionist "Dawn Quaille" and Medium Level Security (Lvls 1-42) Security officer "Christophe Hanson".
Please note that the Officer and Administrator reports will include footnotes including actual names and segments that were removed to protect highly-classified projects.

**- **Sr. Officer Marshall Courts. (Any parodies of my name found in the offices will not be tolerated)

March 24th, 1991. 1530 hours.

I left the photocopier room after creating 246 seperate copies of the staff Bulletin for the sixteen stories of the facility I am assigned to and entered the main reception office to put them into their respective pidgeon-holes. I then proceeded to log-off the computers and back away my things, as the Public Access area of the facility was shutting down early today for reasons I was at that time unaware of. All I knew is that it was very important, and very high-sec. The Admin obviously didn't want any civilians poking around his offies while there was a huge project underway beneath their noses. I powered down the main terminals for Reception Offices 1-15, as Level 16-42 have a seperate terminal- some type of wiring error that would cost too much to repair I was told. I didn't know too much as I was relatively new, I had been working there for three years and the facility had been open for 30. Usually when big projects were being done, it was well underneath the main offices and hidden from the public eye, so we could carry on working normally but apparently this one was different, some type of huge project that hadn't been tested for 15 years and the Admin was too cautious to let it just slip out so easily.

So I got in the the elevator and hit the buttons for Level 16. Usually I Take the stairs, but the experiment was scheduled for 1540 and anyone found in the facility after those hours was to be imprisoned for "spying with malicious intent". By now it was 1535, it is policy to stay with the terminal for a couple of minutes while it powers down, just to iron out anything that could go wrong in the shutting down process, but time was of essence and nothing ever crashed in the facility. I reckoned I could get away with it with just a slap on the wrist. I quickly initiated the SDP and got back in the elevator, pressing the button for Ground Floor. With only a minute and a half to spare, the elevator touched ground, making the 3" thick metal hatch underneath it shudder. I quickly walked out and grabbed my coat from my chair. 3 years at the facility and I had only just got my own mug and chair, a squeaky one at that.

I grabbed the keys from my jacket pocket at did the best jog I could in a skirt. I left the reception and locked the door, first with the key, then with the thumb imprint and 7 digit code. As I walked towards my car at the far left of the lot, touching the edge of the facilities boundaries- I found hear a couple of voices. I turned around and looked left and right, but I could see nobody. I continued walking towards my car. As I got closer to it the voices got louder. Now I was seriously spooked, and checked out the area around my car, I even checked to see if my phone was on. I started walking towards the taller grass near the mountain surface, and stumbled upon an air-ventilation grate. You would think that a High-Tech facility that had been built into a mountain edge and had over 300 underground

levels would have a flawless security system, and here I was listening into a grate that could - if traced - lead to the Labs of the most classified projects on the face of the Earth! I decided to listen in, despite that fact that if I was caught I could be fired and sentenced to many years imprisonment. The conversation I heard went something like this:-

****Scientist one:**** Have you charged the main interface modules, yet?

****Scientist two:**** yeah, but one of them is acting up. I think it needs a checkup.

****Scientist one:**** It'll have to be looked at later. This is deadly important.

****Scientist two:**** 15 years, Jesus Christ. Let's hope the Admin knows what the hell he's doing. If his whole time/reality theory was wrong, some poor bastards just spent 15 years on his own.

****Scientist one:**** The admin knows what he's doing. Trust me.

****Scientist two:**** yeah, but still. We don't know what the hell has happened to that guy- or where he's been. I think we should get some grunts in here.

****Scientist one:** ****Hm.** Valid point. I'll notify Gordon.

****Scientist two:**** Great. Just get some mid-levels. We can wipe 'em later.

****Scientist one:**** Hey, wait a second. Those things are untested.

****Scientist two:**** I know. We'll get the grunts to be labrats. They're expendable.

****Scientist one:**** Ok. Main Forcefield is 99 completed. Secondary is charging. Turning on microphone...now.

****Scientist one (Microphone):**** Primary and Secondary forcefields fully charged. Relaying co-ords and initiating startup procedure on the first and third modules. Graeme, you'll have to load up module two manually, it's not responding to my commands.

****Scientist two:** ****Wait...the modules are unstable. You're pumping too much energy into them!**

****Scientist one (Cupping microphone):** ****It's ok. I've done this before. They'll calm down.**

****Scientist two:** ****Let's hope you're right.**

****Scientist one (Microphone):** ****Some minor instabilities and illogicalities in the first, second, third and fifth modules. Ignore that, they'll sort themselves out. Initiating primary charge in minus 5...4...3...2...1...**

****Scientist two:** ****Did it work? Did...oh my god! There's somebody in**

the bay! Get Gordon to shut off the air-ventilation system and start pumping it through the main generators on his way to get the grunts. We may have to give him some medical.

****Scientist one: ****Done and...done. They'll shut off any
secon-

That's when the vent snapped shut. I jumped back, thoughts running through my mind. Had we actually created a working teleporter? ****Was**** there somebody down there, who had experienced it? I stroked a hand through my hair and smirked. Amazing. I walked towards my car and leant against the hood, momentarily looking at the facility, imagining all kinds of strange things that had been created. I stared at the sun glimmering over the mountain top, through thick layers of cloud. Slowly turning my head left I looked at the facility. Hundreds of stories high and low. The most amazing building on the Earth and only a select few knew why, and I was one of them. I looked up at the sixteenth floor. "OH MY FUCKING GOD!" I screamed as I jumped back, a cold shower of fear running through my limp body. A scientist was staring ****at**** me. He had short brown hair and thick, black-rimmed glasses. He didn't move, blink or even shout at me for poking my nose into top secret business, which was my major concern..he just watched me. My legs shook as I opened my unlocked car door and got in, locking your car was unnecessary and against the rules at this facility. One, it was so safe you didn't ****need**** to lock your door, and two was that if there was a major disaster, you could just jump into your vehicle and drive off before you got hurt, but I'm straying from the story. I tried to reverse out of that carpark and shoot off before anyone could find me there, a cold, shivering wreck. But I couldn't. I tried, but I was too scared. The shock had been too great to simply get over. I edged towards the window and looked up. The scientist was gone.

Was it my imagination? Was it something stress related? Perhaps...but I doubt it. Not after what happened next. My trembling hand reached into my coat pocket to grab my car keys and get the hell out of here like I should've ten minutes ago, but I couldn't grab them. they weren't there. "Oh..shit..." I mumbled to myself. When I had got to work that day I had got my car keys out of my pocket to open the boot and get the files for the bulletin this morning. I had put them in my drawer as I knew I had to finish the bulletins by 1530 to leave the office. I would have to go back inside and get them from the fourth floor desk, as that is where my locker/drawers were located. I was deadly scared, and could feel my heart pumping faster than ever. Slowly I left my car and started reluctantly treading towards the main doors. I unlocked them and walked in. It was incredibly creepy as all the power was off, which didn't improve my situation much. I would have to take the stairs as I couldn't risk alerting any guards to my presence by powering up the terminals. Though I usually took the stairs, I would rather get out of here as quick as possible.

My legs got more and more unsteady every step towards the doors to the staircases. I took a few steps back and sat in a comfortable visitors chair near the window. I rested my head in my hands and tried to calm myself down. After a few minutes of silent sobbing, I felt up to it, and even slightly stupid for getting so worked up. I let loose a fake smirk. i don't know why I did, but it cheered me up. I stood up and walked towards the staircase doors, edging it open, I poked my head in and looked in all directions for any possible threat. All clear. I strode in and started to move upwards, two steps

at a time. I walked up two flights of steps and eventually got to the Floor 1 entrance, I flash-glanced the large glass panel in the door and a cold bolt of electrical fear crept up my spine. Had I seen him again? I was sure I had. No...it was my reflection. Was it? I don't know. Go have another look. No! I'm almost there, I'll run in and get out. What if he's up there? He won't be. But what if he is? "SHUT UP!" i shouted at the thoughts echoing in my mind. There was a brief resonance of sound then eerie silence again. I started to breathe heavily, but continued anyway past floor 2 and 3...and eventually got to Floor 4. I opened the door, it let off an incredibly loud creaking noise. Perhaps it sounded loud because of the silence, but if it sounded loud to me, it would to anybody else. I quickly slipped out and cursed myself, hiding behind a large potted plant cornered securely beside the door, where nobody could sneak up on me. This calmed me down slightly.

I got up and crouched, slowly walking towards the hatch at the receptionists desk, I unlatched it and stood upright. My drawer was only a few paces away. I got to it, opened it and got my car keys and then shut it again. My mission was complete, now I could run out of here. I walked out of the reception area and to the door, then I started jogging down the stairs. i would be out of here in a second, and I was seriously considering resignation at this point. I got to ground floor and opened the door. I was a few yards away from leaving this place. I stopped running and calmly started walking towards the main doors, when a large rattling sound starting emanating from the elevator shaft behind me. Someone, or thing was trying open the hatch to the underground areas _manually._ It would take four HUGE men to open that, and they would still have to power down the WHOLE facility and climb up thousands of feet of elevator shaft. My heart started bumping again, and My legs stopped, as if they had been swallowed by the floor and stuck in. I watched, fear rife inside of me. Suddenly, the lights on the elevator lit up and the hatch below it swung open, allowing the elevator to descend. Now was my chance, I turned around and tried to make a mad dash for the door, but my feet were once again cemented by a blood curdling scream, and several begs of mercy. often followed by sickening crunches or just as sickening "splat" noises.

I turned around, tears finally finding their way to my eyes. My vision was slightly blurred, but I could still see. The levator started ascending again, clicking every couple of seconds. Eventually the peak of the elevator could be seen, and it stopped. I know I shouldn't have...but I stood up and moved towards it, to look through the mesh and see what had happened below. I looked down the shaft and through the top of the elevator. I stifled a scream, there was a headless body of a security guard twitching furiously, as a _thing_ took a huge chunk out of his arm. This thing was wearing a regular lab coat, covered in various stains, mostly blood. It looked human in almost every aspect, then i realised...it _was_ human! This must be the guy who had come back! I let out a slight gasp, obviously this cannibal, blood-thirsty shadow of a human had an acute sense of hearing, as he instantly looked up and his eyes filled with rage. I looked at him closely. It was the guy who I had seen watching me! I leapt back and found the will to run out of the facility as the mesh of the elevator tore open and he crawled out, fingers bleeding.

As I jammed the keycard into the door to lock it, I kept wondering how a clean scientist could quickly move down 300+ levels of underground facility, dirty himself up and kill top of the range

security guards in less than 5 minutes. The more I thought, the more I felt sickened, and I fell back, dropping the keycard and vomited all over to Dr. Wlater Lansing's Sheldon Boa. Meanwhile, the thing left bloody streaks where he had tried to claw open the door, obviously he didn't remember how to open it properly. Tears streamed down my face and I moved backwards on my elbows and stood up, I quickly fell back down as he slammed the double-glazed glass so hard that it shattered. He leapt out and started tearing up the leather seats inside the Sheldon Boa. I - realising I couldn't get to my car without him tearing me to a million pieces did the worst thing possible. I ran back into the facility and hopped into the elevator, pressing a plethora of different buttons on a panel I had never noticed before. The elevator slowly started to move, but started gradually gaining speed and started going at record speeds. Within 3 minutes I had passed 300 10" high stories. I studied my surroundings. I was in a huge room, on the far end, the top half was glass with a series of control panels. The glass was smashed and the consoles were smouldering. In the center of the room was a large piece of machinery with a glass room in the middle, and a blood-stained stairway leading down to the ground from it. This machine was sending sparks onto the charred bodies of multiple scientists. To the left of me was a myriad of nodes, modules and strange machines I didn't even know existed. In the middle of all of these machines was a door. Without a second thought I ran towards it and locked it behind me. I was in a corridor. There were a bunch of security guards strewn across it, and I stuck to the floor when I walked due to the immense amounts of blood. I passed a staircase which I assumed led to the smouldering console room and edged towards a set of offices. Perhaps one of the Military Officers had a weapon that I could use. As I got to the first office, a set of double doors at the other end of the corridor was kicked open. I screamed and ducked as a bullet whizzed past me. "Stop, please! I'm human!" I pleaded. I looked up and saw a security guard stood there, aiming a pistol at me. He shot, hitting me in the arm. "Oh my fucking God! JESU! YOU FUCKING MORON! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?" I screamed, aggravated and in a great deal of pain. He shot again, hitting the floor besides me. It dawned on me, obviously that thing could contaminate others and they'd become something of "zombies". I turned around and started running, a trail of blood dripping from my wounded arm that I was clutching. I ran up the stairs. A clatter of boots behind me told me I was being chased.

End
file.